

To the W O R S H I P F U L
Robert Morris, Esq; Mayor,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgeffes,
 And the Rest of the Worthy INHABITANTS of the
 TOWN of NORTHAMPTON;

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER PHILIPPS.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *Dec. 1760*, to the 21st Day of *Dec. 1761*; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 5) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also those buried at the *Quakers Burying-Ground* 3. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 6. The Meeting on the *Green* 0.

<i>Diseases.</i>	A	BORTIVE and	Asthma	1	Consumption	27	Fistula	1	Rheumatism	1	Ulcers	3	
		Stillborn	2	Cancer	2	Convulsion	16	Jaundice	1	Small-Pox	11	Drowned	1
		Aged	24	Chin-Cough	3	Dropsy	2	Mortifica-	2	Teeth	2	Fractur'd	1
		Apoplexy and Suddenly	1	Cholic	1	Fevers	6	tion	2	Thrush	2	Scull	1

<i>Whereof have died,</i>		Ten and Twenty	4	Forty and Fifty	- 12	Seventy and Eighty	13
Under Two Years old	- 34	Twenty and Thirty	12	Fifty and Sixty	- 7	Eighty and Ninety	5
Between Two and Five	- 3	Thirty and Forty	- 5	Sixty and Seventy	- 10	Ninety and a Hundred	3
Five and Ten	- - 2						

C H R I S T E N E D.				B U R I E D.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
ALL-SAINTS.	49	41	90	55	55	110
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	16	21	37	15	14	29
St. GILES'S.	14	12	26	26	19	45
St. PETER'S.	1	4	5	5	6	11
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish				7	2	9
In the whole Town.	80	78	158	108	96	204
	Increased	- -	7	Increased	-	38

CAN the deep Statesman, skill'd in great Design,
 Protract, but for a Day, precarious Breath?
 Or the tun'd Follower of the Sacred NINE
 Sooth, with his Melody, insatiate DEATH?
 No — Tho' the Palace bar her Golden Gate,
 Or Monarchs plant Ten Thousand Guards around
 Unerring, and unseen, the Shaft of Fate
 Strikes the devoted Victim to the Ground!
 What then avails Ambition's wide-stretch'd Wing,
 The Schoolman's Page, or Pride of Beauty's Bloom?
 The Crape-clad Hermit, and the rich-rob'd King,
 Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the Tomb.
 The Macedonian Monarch, wife and good,
 Bade, when the Morning's rosy Reign began,
 Courtiers should call, as round his Couch they stood,
 PHILIP! Remember thou'rt no more than MAN.



Search where Ambition rag'd with Rigour reel'd,
 Where Slaughter, like the rapid Lightning, ran;
 And say, while Mem'ry weeps the Blood-stain'd Field,
 Where lies the Chief, and where the common Man?
 Vain are the Pyramids, and motto'd Stones,
 And monumental Trophies rais'd on high!
 For TIME confounds them with the crumbling Bones
 That mix'd in hasty Graves unnotic'd lie.
 Rests not beneath the Turf the Peasant's Head,
 Soft as the Lord's beneath the labour'd Tomb?
 Or sleeps one colder in his close Clay Bed,
 Than t'other in the wide Vault's dreary Womb?
 Hither let Luxury lead her loose-rob'd Train;
 Here flutter Pride on Purple-painted Wings;
 And from the moral Prospect learn---how vain
 The Wish that sighs for sublunary Things!